

A Firenze Gelateria and Carmen's Delight

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A Firenze Gelateria and Carmen's Delight

by [lefemmerouge2](#)

Summary

Carmen has a nice time in Firenze (Florence), Italy, enjoying her stracciatella gelato, while Ivy eats a pizza that tastes like cardboard, and Player is jealous of Carmen's gelato, in this short, but sweet, slice-of-life story.

Notes

This is loosely based on my recent experience in Firenze (Florence) Italy. It is set in the present-day and post-canon. I am trying to write more Gen and less romance stories, so this is one of those stories. I know people ship Carmen and Ivy, and that's fine, but in this story they are just friends. My future story, which I also wrote while in Italy, "The Manarola Hike of a Lifetime", will feature El Topo and Le Chevre.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/12/24: I am glad for the two wonderful comments! I published a revised version [on Squidge World](#) and have changed this version here to reflect those changes, which are relatively minor (mostly syntax errors, like curly quotes).

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Carmen stepped out of a popular gelateria. She had never been in one before despite the fact she had been in this magnificent Italian city before. The lights of the building glistened in the night, shining on the nearby Arno river. Cars, buses, bikes, and motorcycles whizzed around the street corner. Everyone seemed to be in such a hurry, contributing to the city's hustle and bustle. Strangely, while those on bikes had helmets, the delivery workers, business people, and others riding bicycles wore no helmets at all! Carmen would have said something to them, but she realized that it wouldn't have mattered anyway. The cries for concern would have fallen on deaf ears.

She stared down at her gelato, which she held in a waffle cone in her left hand. She was gleeful and happily walked over to a nearby table. Her friend Ivy was sitting there, eating pizza she bought from the nearby pizzeria. She grumbled at its subpar quality. Carmen, then, suddenly, declared, "This is the best five Euros I ever spent!" After sitting down, she whipped out her phone, extended the stand on the phone's backside, and video-called her good friend, Player. She sometimes described him as her "secret weapon." She chomped away at her gelato. "This is so tasty. The flavors are so great." Player shrugged. Carm was excited over ice cream? She chuckled. "Before you say anything, this is a gelato. And it's five Euros well-spent." She went on to say that it was the "best use of Euros during my stay in Italia."

Player responded sheepishly. He had never tasted a gelato since he hadn't traveled outside his home country of Canada. "Oh, what flavor did you get?," he asked curiously. Carmen grinned. She couldn't wait to tell him. "It was stracciatella. I've heard so much about it! I wanted to try it for *so long*." A stracciatella is an incredibly tasty gelato mixing milk, ice cream, milk chocolate, and sometimes vanilla. It is richer than typical ice cream.

Her tongue touched each part of the gelato, eating it very slowly. Ivy interjected. "Uh, Carm, it's melting. You better eat it fast!" She struck Ivy with an annoyed glance. Why would anyone tell her how to eat a gelato? She snickered. "I want to enjoy every bite." She then outstretched her left hand, which was holding the gelato. The "grande" size of the gelato, the equivalent of three or four ice cream scoops, had been *slightly* reduced. Ivy, a little jealous of how good the ice crime looked, slid over a slice of pizza. "Here, try this...uh...pizza." Each of them proceeded to eat each other's food. Carmen chomped into the pizza. It was cold and the bread was stale. It tasted like warm cardboard. "Ugh, this is awful." Ivy nodded in agreement. She slurped at more of the gelato. "Good choice, Carm. I wish I could get this in Boston. This is so much better than ice cream." Carmen completely agreed. She loved her time with her good friends Ivy and Player, while only speaking with the latter virtually. They had gone to so many sights.

Ivy and Carmen switched back their food again. Happy to have her stracciatella back, Carmen smiled. This soon faded and she sighed. "Player, I wish you could be here. You could use a break after all the work you've been doing to take down VILE." Player concurred. But, someone had to stop the evildoers. Why not him? "At least I don't have to deal with all the stuff that's going on in Italy right now." Carmen began to say something. Then, Ivy started speaking instead. Carmen let her. "Yeah, this, dang rail strike and all the..." Carmen added, "touristas." Ivy nodded. "Yeah, that's it." She then explained, "we tried to get into the Medici Library and they said it was closed for everyone. Then, the area around the Duomo was

swarming with people. The Accademia was a bummer. The badly lit music room was the only room I liked."

Carmen then piped in. "Yeah, we got lost a couple of times. It seems inevitable, even after following guidance from that popular White tourist guy." Ivy gritted her teeth. "Fucking Rick Steves. He promotes trips to White-majority countries, but never anywhere in Africa or Asia. It's weird." Player further stated, "Yeah, I see ads for his tours on CBC all the time when I'm watching TV with my parents." Carmen built onto what Player said. "That guy has a travel business and all. I respect that. But he lied when he said downtown Florence was walkable. It's not." Ivy put up her hands and exclaimed, "Me and Carm almost got hit by some car driven by this old Italian man with three White people in the back." She and Carmen said together, "It's the height of privilege."

Carmen sighed again. She had calmed down a little. She had finished her gelato. "I am surprised I saw so many PLCs in Firenze." Ivy and Player looked at her like she had three heads. What the heck was she talking about? "You know, possible lesbian couples," Carmen clarified. Ivy took some time to process this. Was her boss, who she worked for all these years, *gay*? She didn't sense anything. Carmen went on. "I can't know for sure unless I ask, but if a woman is holding hands with another girl, or feeding another woman gelato, isn't that...kinda gay?" Ivy shrugged. Player didn't know what to say. He tried to break the tension. "Red, what does it matter?" Carmen slumped in her chair. She whispered, almost under her breath, "I'm figuring out my own identity right now. I don't know if I'm gay, bi, or whatnot. I heard this term [aegoromantic](#) and I think that's me in some ways, I guess? It's hard to figure out." Ivy smiled. She tried to comfort his friend. "I'll support you no matter what. That's what friends do." Carmen had a tear in her eye. She hugged her friend. "Thanks, Ivy. You are a *true friend*."

Scrunching the food wrapper into a ball, Ivy left the table, followed by Carmen. She still had a Player on the line, but as a phone call rather than a video call. Ivy and Carmen somehow crossed the busy road. Ivy threw the trash into one of the designated garbage cans. Unlike other cities, Firenze appeared to have no door-to-door trash pick-up program, at least not in the center of the city. Instead people often had to bring their trash, or recycling, to a central location. A company named Quadrifoglio S.p.A. Servizi Ambientali Area Fiorentina picked up the trash. Firenze [also recycled](#) plastic, aluminum, paper, and glass, along with organic matter in some areas, with containers in some areas. Carmen even saw a server carrying a bag of garbage several blocks to a can. The system somewhat made sense. As it turned out, there were some trash trucks, but they didn't go to every dwelling in Firenze.

Carmen held her phone close, wary of everyone around her. "There's pickpockets here, at least as far as Rick Steves claims, so I'm gonna talk to you later." Player felt sad. He wanted to talk longer. But being safe, and her security, was more important. "Sure! Talk soon. If there is anything you need me to do, I'll do my best to help." Carmen smiled yet again. "I appreciate it, Player." She switched off her phone and stashed it in her pocket. She knew better than to put anything in her back pocket. She never understood the trend, especially [among men](#), for putting their wallets in their back pockets.

She looked at her friend Ivy. "Let's go back to the agriturismo." Ivy smiled back. Carmen strapped on her backpack and pressed a red button. Her jet-pack caused her to fly into the air

and above the city of Firenze. She yelled at the top of her lungs, "Arrivederci, Firenze! Buona serata, tutte!" They jetted into the distance, to the quiet suburbs of Firenze, one of the more wealthy parts of the city. The sing-song tunes of Italians replied back, "Ciao!" and "Buena noche!," wishing them both a good night.

End Notes

"Arrivederci, Firenze! Buona serata, tutte!" translates to "Goodbye, Florence! Good evening, everyone!" in English. As far as I know, this is only one fanfic mentioning stracciatella set in Cinque Terre, a Clarry Plopper fic, entitled "[Magic of Cinque Terre](#)" by Hroul. A search before the publication showed that this term is used in over 20 fics, but many of these fics are mature or explicit, while some are general audience. This fic adds to the former rather than the latter. As for fics set in Firenze, there are over 3,000, so it is a relatively popular place for people on AO3 to write about. Even funner is the fact that Rick Steves is mentioned by ten writers [on here](#), so I suppose I am the 11th person to write about him on AO3!

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